

In Need of Chicken Soup

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In Need of Chicken Soup

by [Moonlightwastaken](#)

Summary

uhhh... tommy is sick and his friends come and take care of the child. <3 Tommy is a man not a child

Notes

request by @Selinko

Lmao what if for my next fic I wrote a Georgenap but still put it under dnf because cl out
imma do that watch me chase them cl outs

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It started as a simple sneeze on stream, shaking it off as Tommy said thank you to all the "bless yous" in chat, then carried on.

Over the next few streams, his sneeze increased in numbers, also started coughing, messing up his

voice. But he still shakes it off and continues streaming even if chat is telling him to rest.

Living alone at such a young age might not have been the best idea, not knowing how to care for himself properly and have a healthy living habit.

His condition got worse when he didn't do anything about his cold.

One morning, when Tommy was about to get up to have a collab stream with Techno, he felt dizzy and collapsed back onto the bed.

Tommy shifted in and out of consciousness, he looked at the clock on the wall and it was almost time to stream, but he just could not bring himself to move to his chair.

His body felt like it weighed tons; there was no way he could drag it across the room at this state.

He begins coughing violently, throat burning but no water nearby. As he felt his mind drifting, he used his last strength to text Tubbo, then passed out cold.

"Help me."

The time for Tommy's stream with Techno with long past, Techno spamming Tommy's discord asking him where he is, but no answer.

People started tagging Tommy in their tweets, asking him where he is, but no answer.

Even Dream, Sapnap, and George DMed him asking him where he is, but no answer.

When four prominent creators started asking where one person is, their fan-based starts freaked out too; everyone was looking for clues of where Tommy might be; if he's been online; if he posted anything.

But no avail.

Tubbo had just woken up in time to see Twitter freakout, he checked his text messages and found a text from the person behind the mess.

It was one simple message, but it made Tubbo's blood run cold.

Tubbo quickly texted Tommy, asking if he was ok, and just like the past hour with all his fans and friends, nothing came.

Tubbo logged into Tommy discord, to see what might help, only to see near hundreds of miss calls and texts from Dream, Techno, Wilbur, Philza even George and Sapnap, who acts like they dislike Tommy on the daily.

Tubbo quickly added them into a group, calling them.

They answered immediately.

"Tommy, where are you?" Techno was the first to speak, "the entire Twitter is looking for you, why aren't you answering your DMs, we're worried about you." He said in one take.

"I hate to break it to you Techno, it's not Tommy it's Tubbo."

"Oh," said Techno, all six of them sat up similarly across the city, wanting to know what happened to their annoying bitch of a friend.

“The thing is, I don't exactly know what has happened to him too, but we all need to go to his place right now, he texted me “help me” and didn't respond to anything else.” Tubbo frowned.

“What, you're capping,” said Dream, thinking this was some stupid prank by Tommy.

“I'm not, I'm serious,” Tubbo said worriedly, “here, I'm sending screenshots, just please guys, he might need our help.”

There was only silence, till Techno said: “sorry guys, the stream might have to cut short today something came up.”

Not giving chat anytime to react, Techno closed StreamLabs, then said: “I'm heading over right now.”

“Ok, same here, I'll be over in a minute,” Wilbur said.

“The three of us will be there shortly, I think he might be sick so we're going to the pharmacy.” Dream said and the two others agreed.

Tubbo smiled, *thank goodness*, he thought.

They end the call and Tubbo quickly gets ready and bikes to Tommy's house.

While all the was happening, Tommy laid unconscious on his bed, his body felt like if it's on fire suffocating him. But at the same time, Tommy felt cold, as if he got dropped in an endless ocean of arctic water, drowning him.

Tommy felt helpless, he was always in control, whether it was of his life or the games he played, he was even in control of the whole situation with him and Dream and the evolutionary war on the server.

Control was very important to Tommy, without it he felt lost, stuck in the dark, not knowing what to do or where to go.

But having control was like the light of the tunnel, it gives the boy motivation, strength to carry on with his life and his career.

The change in temperature in his body made him feel sicker than he already is, he wants water or a blanket for his shivering body, but the darkness grips him tight, keeping him afloat, no sign of light for as far as he can see.

Tommy tried to scream for help, but his dried throat makes it hard to even breathe.

All he can do at the moment is hope that his message was successfully sent.

When Tubbo got to Tommy's house, he spotted a red Audi, recognizing that as Techno's car.

“Hey, Tubbo, I picked up Phil on the way, he seems like his more fitting for this than the rest of us.”

“Hey Tubs,” Philza said.

“Hi, c'mon we gotta go in, the Wilbur should be here soon.”

The two older men nod and follow Tubbo to the house.

Tubbo shakes the handle, his eyes widen.

“It's locked.”

Philza runs his hand through his hair.

“We have no choice, Tubbo move, I'm knocking the door down.”

Tubbo complied, moving aside to Phil.

Techno stands back, then gains momentum and about to knock the blue door down when Philza yelled at him to stop.

“What?” Techno asked.

Philza reached under one of the flower pots in front of Tommy's door and pulls out a shiny, silver key.

“Oh, this is better isn't it.” Techno smiled, taking the key to unlock the door.

They quickly run to Tommy's bedroom, and Philza was the first to enter.

He gasps as he sees his friend lay on his bed, sweat on his forehead, eyebrows knitted.

“Tommy,” he whispered, running to the bed.

“Philza what's up with him,” Techno asked.

Philza touch Tommy's forehead, flinching at the high temperature, “he's having a fever Techno and a high one too.”

“I'm gonna call Dream and tell him.”

Philza nods and turns to Tubbo, “Tubbo listen, I'm gonna need some cold water in a bowl with a towel and some warm water in a mug, quick,”

“On it,” Tubbo said, running out the bedroom.

“What did Dream say?” Philza asked, looking at Tommy, whose expression did not change for the better.

“Dream said he's coming back with pills and some honey tea for his throat, and I asked him to bring some chicken soup too.”

Phil nodded and Tubbo came back with what he asked for.

He puts the bowl of water down by the bed then Phil told him to get Tommy some new clothes so he is not sweat-soaked.

“And Techno, see if Wilbur is here.” Philza soaks the soft towel in some cold water to clean Tommy up.

When the cold material touched Tommy's hot face, he visibly relaxes a bit, which calmed Philza and Techno.

In the dark Tommy saw a flash of white but it left as quickly as it came.

Tommy keeps looking around, feeling the burning in his body calmed a lot more. He was able to hear faintly of the outside world.

“Techno I’m here,” he hears a voice.

Is that? Is that Wilbur? Tommy wondered, then he hears another, “Wilbur, Tommy is having fever, I’ve already asked Dream to pick up meds and chicken soup.”

That’s a deep voice, Tommy thought, *is it Technoblade?*

“Phil here’s his clothes, we’re gonna go out, just holler if you need help changing him,” a small soft voice said.

Tubbo? Phil? Why are they here? He hears a door close.

Tubbo must’ve got my message.

Hearing his friends’ voice had calm Tommy a lot more, he sees a faint white dot in the distance, he tried to walk to it, but the darkness still has its vice-like grip on him.

“Tommy if you can hear me right now I just want you to know that we’re all here for you. I know you might not be feeling good, but just so you know that all your big brothers are coming to take care of you,” Philza said softly, continues to clean Tommy to cool him down so he can put him in some more comfortable and breathable clothes.

Big brothers? Tommy smiled, very glad that his friends are here during this tough time.

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“Dream you’re speeding,” Sapnap reminds his friends from the passenger side, though he’s not too worried because he had full trust in the blonde’s driving skill. He rolls his eyes in his head, his best friend, always want to be the best at everything.

“I’m just worried, ok, I like Tommy, he’s a great friend. I don’t want anything bad happening to him.” Dream said, frowning trying to focus on the road.

“We know you’re worried Dream,” George said in the back, “we’re worried too, just calm down and focus so you don’t crash.”

The three youngsters may look like they’re tough and rough (well George not so much) but deep down, they are just three big softies, all suck at showing love and affection to their friends with words, but they use their way to prove that their friends are important to them.

Dream hummed in acceptance.

The ride was quiet, Dream pulls up to Tommy’s house, seeing a red car and a grey one.

*The red must be Techno’s* he thought.

The three bringing the stuff they got out of the car and rushed in.

Philza just finished redressing Tommy when he hears Dream and them greeting Techno, Wilbur, and Tubbo.

He turns to Tommy, “again I don’t know if you can hear me or if you can hear them, but Dream is outside, maybe he’s here to take your discs,” Philza chuckles at his dumb joke, “see we’re all here

for you, and all of us are worrying our ass off Tommy.” Philza takes Tommy’s hand in his, “I love you, Tommy.”

Philza gets up to tell the others to come in.

The white dot became bigger and clearer, yet Tommy cannot go to it, his body at a loss of energy trying to fight its way to control, his throat parched, not being able to call for help.

“Hey guys, Philza open the door seeing the six of them standing and waiting, “so I changed him and cleaned his sweat a bit, but he’s still really out of it.” The six flinch hearing that.

Philza turns to Dream, “Dream I heard you got chicken soup, where is it?”

“It’s here in the bag, I’ll go feed him, I want to see him,” Dream said, taking a cup of soup out from a paper bag.

“That’s fine, let me just give him some water.”

“No no, it’s okay I got it Phil,” Dream waved him off, impatient to see the younger.

Phil nodded.

Dream enters Tommy’s bedroom, seeing his friend lay on the large bed, looking small and fragile, Dream’s heart breaks a little.

Dream had always been a sensitive person; he hated seeing people he loved hurt, mentally or physically, doesn’t matter he didn’t like seeing people unhappy.

Phil watched the door close, and let out a deep breath.

“Hey, it’s going to be ok, Dream will take care of him well.” George comforted him.

“Yeah I know, I trust him.”

“How is he?” Tubbo asked.

“He’s doing better than when we first found him, I used cold water to wipe him, made him less hot hopefully.”

“Ok, ok,” Tubbo mumbled.

They sat in silence for a bit, then Wilbur had an idea. “Well, guys,” he said, all five heads looked up, “well we’re going to be here for a while, why not make this place homier than now you know? Like we could clean and do laundry or something, we can give Tommy a better place to recover in. We’ll show our love, remind him that his friends are always here.”

The five nodded at the great idea, “that was sappy,” Sapnap snickered.

“Well, you live for that, no? Your name is sappy nappy.” Tubbo interjected.

“Shut up; I am not sappy.”

George rolls his eyes, “oh please you’re like the sappiest one out of me and Dream.”

“Oh,” Sapnap blushed, “then I guess you can call me sappy.” He smiles.

“Ok, I will, no backsies,” Wilbur said, smirking.

“Wait I was kidding,” Sapnap said, getting up with the others to clear the house.

“Too late, sappy,” George giggled. Sapnap groaned and the other five laughed as they moved on to do different jobs.

In the dimly lit room, Dream places the cup of soup on the bedside table and gets the mug full of warm water.

“Hey, Tommy, it’s Dream, I’m here to take your discs, better watch out.” Dream laughs lightly.

Thinking of the discs, Dream gets an idea, but he feeds Tommy water first.

“Here,” the Dream says as he sits on the bed, gently putting Tommy in his arms so that he’s cradling the blue-eyed.

Dream outs the mug against Tommy’s chapped lips and pours water in slowly, out of instinct Tommy swallows.

Dream smiles, helping Tommy till half of the water in the mug is gone.

He puts the water back down, Tommy looking better already with some hydration.

“You stupid child,” Dream shook his head looking at Tommy in his arms.

Dream pulls out his phone.

In the dark, Tommy felt the burn in his throat worsen, he craved and liquid, *just a drop will do*, he thought.

He hears Dream’s voice, trying to call out to him. He felt his body slightly lifted into a sitting position, *is this mother fluffer cuddling me?* Tommy thought, smiling.

He felt something against his lips and the next second his parched mouth was granted the sweet taste of water, he drank up fast.

Regaining a small amount of his energy he continues to try and fight his way to the light, which now, with Dream’s presence, looked even brighter, and the darkness’s grip loosen a bit.

Suddenly Tommy hears music, sounds *so familiar*, he thought, and it came to him like a brick to the face, if he wasn’t dying right now he would’ve laughed.

Dream was playing Mellohi on his phone.

*He so dumb*, Tommy thought, but the music gave him more strength to fight.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Sapnap was moping the floor, and George was in the kitchen, making more soup for everyone, and some bread rolls so they can eat it during dinner, both were humming some stupid song Sapnap randomly thought of.

In the next room was Phil and Tubbo, they were in charge of doing laundry, making sure they wash all the dirty clothes Tommy didn’t bother to wash.

While the four were inside, Wilbur and Techno got shooed outside to the yard, having to do heavy yard work because Philza said so.

Regardless of who is doing what, all of them cared about Tommy, some more than others of course, still, all of them cared to be here, taking care of their friend in need.

Out of everyone here, Techno was the first one Tommy met, they hit it off right away. Then he was quickly spread among Techno's friends as the annoying little gremlin.

They were all more than happy to help Tommy, they know how it's hard to take care of yourself while you live alone, all of them had gone through that when they first moved out, but it's never been this bad because they would never work themselves this hard, but that's just how Tommy is they thought.

George thought about the time when Dream was first speedrunning for the world record, how he would work himself day and night just to get a somewhat good time.

He fell ill for a week because of that, George hadn't moved to America at the time so he could only depend on Sapnap to take care of the stupid green man.

George had yelled at Dream when he got better, while he was fuming on his screen, Dream was just laughing, and saying how George is like a worried mother hen.

Which then George responded with a middle finger.

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Dream was still cradling the boy, and he reached to get the soup.

Tommy grumbled at the movement of Dream.

Dream smiled and patted Tommy's head, "there, there, sorry for moving so much."

He opens the lid of the container and spoons the warm liquid to Tommy's mouth.

The smell of the chicken soup made Dream's tummy grumble, *I hope George made something to eat out there.*

Suddenly the door opened and Techno walked in.

"How is he doing?" Techno leaned down, to feel Tommy's forehead.

"I guess he's doing alright, I gave him some water and soup, but it'll be good if there are some solids for him when he wakes up."

"Oh right yeah about that, your little boyfriends out there made dinner rolls for all of us, along with some soup." Dream smiled, George, always like a mother.

Techno takes the soup and continues the job.

"So how'd you two meet, you and George?"

"Um, it wasn't much, we met on Bad's server, he was a coder and I was an admin."

"And when did you realize?" Techno asked, not looking away from the younger's face, careful to not let any soup drips.

Dream blushed, "I dunno, just did, he's funny and caring, he's just great." Dream smiled.

“Poor Sapnap,” Techno mumbled, “he’s third-wheeling all the time.”

Dream chuckled, “yeah.”

The two fell to a comfortable silence, Dream playing with Tommy's hair to make him comfortable, while Techno is on the side feeding him.

With the help of some food, Tommy clawed at the space around him, trying to somehow swim to the light, trying to gain back the control of his body.

And for the first time for the past couple of hours it worked, he was nearing the light. The closer he gets the better he feels, his thoughts were clearer, he could hear the disc playing clearly, he could feel the embrace of the green bastard, and he could feel Techno gently wiping his mouth and face after he fed him the soup.

Tommy opened his eyes, wincing at the slight light difference.

“Techno?”

Technoblade smiled, his shoulders sagged, “you're finally awake Tommy, we were worried sick.”

Tommy looked to the side, ashamed, “I'm sorry, I should've taken care of myself better, I'm sorry I made you guys worried.”

“Wow, Tommyinnit apologizing, that's a first.”

Tommy looked up at the green eyes, shining with amusement.

“Shut up Dreamwastaken, and why are you cuddling me, that’s disgusting.”

Dream laughed but didn't let go and squeezed Tommy tight.

“Fucking weirdo,” Tommy mumbled, ignoring the fluttering in his heart.

Techno gets up, “I'll go get the others,” and ruffled Tommy's hair, making it messier than it was.

“So how are you feeling?” Dream asked.

“M' fine,” Tommy said, “my throat is a bit sore, I'm sweaty and sticky, I'm still really hungry, and I'm hot because your dumbass is hugging me like I'm a fucking teddy bear.”

“You are a teddy bear, you’re small.”

“What do you mean I'm small? I'm the same height as you Dream!”

“No, I'm not letting you go, what are you going to lean against, the hard headboard or me?”

Tommy huffed, “you, I guess,” he mumbled under his breath, “and you’re playing Mellohi, really? So fucking stupid.”

“Don't act like you don't like it.” Dream smirked.

“Yeah, I would like it a lot better if I had the real thing and not the one on youtube, give my disc back to me, asshole.”

Dream looked thoughtful, “no.”

“Fuck you.”

The gang walked in, Techno went to tell them about Tommy just as their chores finished. Well, Wilbur not so much since he just stopped and chilled after Techno left.

“Hey guys,” Tommy said, smiling at all of his friend’s presence.

“Hey Tommy”

“Hi.”

“Hey, you little gremlin.”

“Sup bro.”

“Tommy, how are you feeling?” Philza, Tubbo, Wilbur, Sapnap, and George said.

“I’m better than this morning that’s for sure.”

“Good, we’re glad,” George said, “I made some dinner rolls for you, I’m sure you’re starving,” he said, holding a plate of fresh-baked rolls.

“Yeah, I am, thank you for making them, George.”

“Stop you’re making it weird, I’m not use to you being polite.” George laughed, handing him the plate.

“What? You rather have me stab you for them?” Tommy smiled, taking the plate.

Tommy happily munched on them while others asked questions.

“Tommy, we were so worried, you wouldn’t pick up our texts or calls,” Wilbur said.

“Yeah I know, I know, I’m sorry. I guess I’m not used to living by myself yet, I’m sure none of you ever had that problem, you guys are all so organized.”

To this, the others laughed, including Tubbo.

“Love, we were like you when we first started living by ourselves, it’s ok, you’re doing great.” Philza smiled at Tommy.

Tommy smiled, still eating the bread.

“Oh, I’m such a dumbass, I got some soup for you,” George said, running out the door.

After a couple of minutes, George comes back with a bowl full of steamy chicken soup.

The younger gladly accepted it with both hands, mumbling a small “thank you.”

Tubbo looked between the two on the bed and George, looking like he realized something, “why are you laying on Mr.Notfound’s boyfriend.”

Tommy choked mid swallow, he can feel Dream wheezing behind him, “cause he’s clingy as shit like you Tubbo.” Tommy said laughing also.

The people in the room look at George, curious about what he has to say about all this.

George smirked, "Dream you always say you wanted a child right, we can adopt Tommy right now."

Tubbo grimaced while the rest shook their head laughing. Wilbur looks at Tubbo, laughing harder as he thought of a stupid joke, "Tubbos is uncomforTubbo," and it made everyone laughed harder.

Tubbo reaching over on Tommy's bed, getting a spare pillow and chucking it at the tallest man.

Once they've calmed down, Dream looked at George and said, "ew I don't want this thing to be my son."

"Ok Dream and I don't want to be your son, what the fuck." Tommy made a face.

"Why are you trying to steal my son?" Philza asked, and Techno starts wooing along with Wilbur and Sapnap on the side.

"Shut up Technoblade you were supposed to adopt me after Minecraft Ultimate, not this idiot."

"No no, he's mine now, this gremlin belongs to me." Dream snickered.

"Stop calling me a gremlin," Tommy said exasperatedly.

"Why are you guys fighting over who claims Tommy, he's Tommy." Sapnap laughed.

Tommy stopped being bothered at all the friendly insults and resort to quietly eat his bread and soup that George so kindly made for him, and watch the scene unfolds in front of him.

"Alright, chill guys, it's now evening, we gotta decide who's staying and who's going home," the pink-haired man said.

No one made a sound as they looked around the room, Techno clapped, "alright I guess we're all staying. Um how about this, Sapnap, you three lives together right?" Sapnap nodded. "You and Wilbur can go, Philza you can go with Wilbur if you'd like all of you guys are going back to get our clothes, probably a week's worth. and Tubs you too, I'll have the slender man take you back."

"Hey!" Wilbur huffed.

"And George, you can stay to make some food, because those rolls are not going to be enough." George nodded.

"And Dream," Techno turns to the man wearing the green hoodie, still holding Tommy like the child is a big stuffed animal, he rolled his eye, "let go of the poor child."

"I am not a child!" Tommy huffed.

"Oh, ok, then you can get out of his grip by yourself then," Techno smirked.

"Fuck you, I can." Tommy starts to wiggle, but he was too weak due to his state.

"What are you? A worm?" Dream laughed.

Tommy huffed, "ok fine let me out."

"Nope, not until you tell all of us that you love us."

"Wha- no I will not do that."

“Fine, then I’ll keep you here, you’re comfy.”

Tommy rolled his eyes, “fine, I love all of you guys, I’m so glad you guys are here for me during a time like this, there are no words to explain how happy I am to have friends like all of you.”

Everyone’s jaws dropped, waiting for Tommy to laugh in their face saying it was just a joke and he did it so Dream can let him out.

But he never did.

“Awh Tommy,” Philza said going up to the younger and hugging him.

Dream smiles, “groups hug!” He shouts.

Everyone went for the boy on the bed, squeezing him, “why we love you too Tommy, Techno said.”

“We love you, you dumb ass.”

“I love you Tomathy.” Dream wheezed.

This time Tommy didn’t struggle, he sat still and hugged them back, smiling as he thought about how lucky he was to have these friends.

Later that night they moved Tommy’s mattress to the middle of the living room, eating the pasta George made and watching a show that none of them paid attention too because they were too busy messing around with each other.

The night had gone quiet soon as all of them realized that Tommy is sleeping peacefully, all of them whispered “goodnight Tommy” and they went to sleep too, around the boy, each sleeping on the floor or the couch, protecting Tommy as best as they could.

In Tommy’s Dreams, he was no longer in the dark, he was surrounded in a warm yellow glow, his friends around him, having fun and talking about everything and nothing.

Chimken

Go give tommy his primes when he streams :3

YOooooooooooooooooo FOLLOW ME ON TWITTER @Moonlightwrites :)

End Notes

I hope you like this, i was very tired when i wrote this.
fml man i still got so much requests and i have school.
fuck school goddamnit
Comments and kudos always appreciated <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!